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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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Senator Borah on "Money in Politics"

A Quarter Hour Silence (Conclusion)

By FRANK CARLETON DOAN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XXI. By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1926 NUMBER 27

A SESQUICENTENNIAL THOUGHT

All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case *now*. But such was the case, they think, in the Revolution of '75!

—Henry David Thoreau.

"If I were the Emperor of India," says Gandhi, in a recent issue of *Young India,* "I would extend the hand of fellowship to the whole world, irrespective of caste, color, or creed." He says that he would disband practically the whole of the Indian army of occupation, retaining only such police as might be necessary for the protection of citizens from thieves and robbers. He declares that he would not bribe the frontier tribes as they are being bribed today, but would cultivate the friendliest relations with them. He would guarantee the fullest protection for all Europeans. Levying tariff on all foreign cloth, he would bring khadar (native cloth) under State control. He would prohibit the importation of intoxicating liquors, close down distilleries, and confine all alcohol manufacture to "proved medical necessity." He would grant full protection to all forms of religion, except those which are repugnant to the moral sense of mankind, and throw open to the untouchables every public temple and school to which other Hindus are admitted. Referring to the Hindu-Moslem dissensions which are now one of the most grievous problems of India, Gandhi says:

> "I would summon representatives of both Hindus and Mussulmans, search their pockets and deprive them of all eatables and of all lethal weapons, if they have any, and lock them together in one room and open it only after they have settled their quarrels. There are, of course, many other things that I would do if I was the Emperor of India, but, since there is little chance of my being one, the foregoing is as fair a sample of what one who is miscalled a visionary but who considers himself a practical man, understanding the wants of the poorest people, would do if he had the power."

We have seen no more interesting and informing statement than this from the Mahatma's pen. It shows the practical application of his gospel, and reveals how he reconciles his non-resistant ideals with the police method of social control, and with such drastic social legislation as the abolition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors. Gandhi, as he well says, is not a "visionary" at all, but "a practical man." Would that such a statesman might once occupy the seats of power!

J. Ramsay Macdonald, stout defender of the League of Nations, is getting tired of the Geneva organization. "It still lives a precarious life," he says. Its "transactions . . . last winter were tragic. The League then lost moral authority. It will take a long time to regain it." What Macdonald sees with perfect clearness is the fact that the League of Nations has but one purpose in the world, and that is to *end war.* "The only purpose that the League can have," to quote his own words, "is to remove the causes of war and to found the security of nations upon judicial judgment rather than upon military strength. If it fails in this, its failure is complete." Yet it is just this one thing—the ending of war and the establishing of durable peace—which the League is not doing. It is doing a lot of other perfectly good things—studying international labor standards, fighting the white slave traffic, grappling with the opium evil, registering treaties, etc., etc. But the war question still remains untouched. We know of not one student of European affairs who does not agree that war is just as imminent and inevitable on the continent today as it was in the decade before 1914. The League simply does not count—or, if it counts at all, serves only as one of the agencies now being used by the great nations for the more efficient manipulation of the existing system of armed balances of power. It is for this reason, to quote Ramsay Macdonald again, that "Europe is getting somewhat impatient with the League." Yet we do not see that impatience is justified! Why get impatient, or excited, or disappointed? The situation is perfectly obvious. The League of Nations, as a condition of existence at all, exists as a part of the established war system. Representing a sound and necessary principle of peace, it can serve peace only when the war system is abolished by the decree of outlawry and a peace system thus put in its place. At present, the League is a wheel on the chariot of war, and of course it whirls to the battlefield. Put the same wheel on the truck of peace, and it will whirl to quite another destination.

It seems incredible that the old, discredited propaganda methods used so long against Soviet Russia should be revived at this late date with the idea of deceiving anybody. This present summer has witnessed such a rescrudescence of lies about the Bolsheviks, however, as the world has not seen since the happy days

of 1921, and of course our newspapers have found ample space for the publication of these patent falsehoods. If the stories were new, it would be something to be thankful for, but they are the "old stuff"—as ancient and moth-eaten as the Reval, Riga and Helsingfors date-lines under which they appear. Thus Stalin, like Lenin of old, is very murderous; Zenovieff, in place of Trotzky, is being exiled; Trotzky himself has fled—once again; the army and navy have mutinied; the ever-reliable peasants have revolted, and are preparing to overthrow the government; Roumania and Poland are marshalling troops along the frontiers, etc., etc. It would seem impossible that yarns like these would be believed by anybody over the age of infancy. But the truthful American people have "fallen" for it once more; and such a flood of inquiries has come pouring down upon American visitors in the Soviet Republic from alarmed relatives and friends at home, that the Associated Press, in sheer desperation, ordered its correspondent to ascertain the facts. This correspondent has reported, of course, that "peace and order reigns throughout Russia. Mr. Stalin continues to direct affairs in the Kremlin . . . Trotzky is engrossed in work for the concessions committee . . . Zenovieff is taking a much needed rest in the Caucasus . . . there has been not the slightest indication for an uprising in the army . . . Moscow is as quiet as any American city on a Sunday morning. . . . Americans (visitors) are as safe as they would be on Main street." So it goes! When will we learn, we simple people in this country, that the Soviet government is here to stay, that it has organized Russia on a basis of security and public order which puts us to shame, that it holds the enthusiastic allegiance of its peasants and workers, and is winning the respect and admiration of all who see at first hand its achievements? It is high time that we grew up, we Americans, and stopped listening to fairy stories.

We have refrained hitherto from saying anything in these columns about the invasion of the Philippines by Col. Carmi Thompson, because we have been too indignant to speak with any degree of moderation and justice. Knowing Col. Thompson as a member of the odoriferous "Ohio gang" of the Harding regime, knowing also the temper of the Calvin Coolidge administration, we understood perfectly well the purpose of this high-sounding Philippines mission, and were ready for almost anything. But the promptness with which the colonel proceeded to "do his stunt" caught us by surprise all the same, and moved our wrath to the point of blind disgust. By now, however, the colonel has gone to such extremes that the inevitable reaction is setting in, and our indignation is fading away as we see the President's representative doing more for Filipino independence than any man since the heroic days of George Frisbie Hoar. It only needed this final touch, added to the high-handed militarism of Governor-General Leonard Wood, to bring the whole cause of independence to the fore again in deadly earnest. Thus, to date, the net result of the visit of Col. Thompson, who can find no sentiment for independence anywhere, is a unanimous declaration of the Philippine assembly for complete and immediate independence! Fortunate as this clarification of the issue is, however, it still remains true that the situation for the Filipinos is more critical than at any time since the islands were taken over by our government. The economic question has now become central, in the form of rubber.

> Unless we are sadly mistaken (says the *Philippines Herald* editorially), when Mr. Thompson goes back to the United States, the American people will be greatly enlightened on how many thousands of tons of rubber could be grown in the Philippines, on possibilities of sugar and tobacco production on a large scale here, on the relation of the Philippines to the Far Eastern trade, and on similar points. The effect of such information on the American public opinion is not hard to imagine: that the Philippines is a potential economic asset of tremendous value to the United States, and it becomes necessary to revise America's avowed policy concerning the political future of the islands.

Here is imperialism of the worst type knocking at our doors. The high idealism of this nation, to say nothing of its plighted word, is in jeopardy. Senate President Quezon is right when he sees imminent danger of the repeal of the Jones Law "guaranteeing" eventual independence.

The presence in this country of Mrs. Annie Besant, International President of the Theosophical Society, is an event of large public interest. The story of her early days, as set down in the pages of her "Autobiography," marks one of the most dramatic and heroic careers of modern times. A thorough-going radical, she first came to wide public attention in 1880 as a supporter of the famous Charles Bradlaugh in his fight against the Parliamentary reactionaries of his day. Before this battle was over, she entered the lists in opposition to the Foster Coercion Bill in Ireland, and followed this with a nation-wide crusade for an eight-hour day for labor, in its time one of the most dangerous innovations! In 1885 she took up the cause of Russian prisoners in Siberia; two years later she played a central part in the historic Trafalgar Square demonstration of the unemployed, which was broken up by the police after much bloodshed; three years later still, in 1888, she organized and led the pathetic and highly successful strike of the London match girls. Meanwhile she had joined the Fabian Society as a Socialist, and taken up the great crusade for woman suffrage. Wherever there was human need, she was at hand like a knight errant of old. She never entered politics, but "wherever they touched on the life of the people," she said, "they became to me of burning interest. I was a passionate opponent of all injustice to nations weaker than ourselves, so that I found myself always in opposition to the government of the day." In 1889

came her sudden espousal of Theosophy, and the transfer of her field of action from England to India, where she speedily became a public leader of the greatest eminence. "There is no instance of a single Western person except herself," says S. Subramania Iyer, Acting Chief Justice of the High Court of Madras, "who has called forth such universal love and sympathy from every part of India." Much of Mrs. Besant's power lies in her oratory; "she is the greatest orator in England," said Bernard Shaw, in the days when Gladstone was still flourishing, "perhaps the greatest in Europe." Mrs. Besant is in her seventy-ninth year, but her power is unabated. She is unquestionably one of the great women of all time.

A Quarter Hour Silence

(Un quart d'heure pour Dieu)

III—The Right Way

In last week's issue of Unity we wrote of the disenchantment which most beginners undergo when first they undertake to send their souls into the Invisible. The way looks so smooth and easy and the prospect ahead so alluring! Expecting to see such wonders, they find that they see nothing or worse than nothing! Instead of beauty they behold the ugliness of their own souls; instead of enlightenment, darkness of spirit; instead of clarity of vision, confusion of mind; instead of joy, bitterness and remorse. The reason for these misadventures and consequent disenchantment, we said, is simply that they have taken the wrong way and fallen into one or another of the many pitfalls which stand in the way of every inexperienced and unwary traveler in these realms of the spirit.

The fact is to put it less figuratively—meditating is an art, the finest of all the fine arts. Like every other art it has a technique which must be learned, a right way which every aspiring soul must follow if he would get anywhere in the practice of it. Moreover, this artist in meditation, again like all artists, must have within himself clear and beautiful ideals to express, else his best efforts will end in chaos, not order; in ugliness, not beauty.

First technique, then ideals. This latter qualification indeed is, if anything, more important of the two. Ruskin speaks somewhere with a certain impatience of an artist of splendid technique but who was a dolt withal. "How can this man paint?" he cries. "No matter how perfect this technique nor how fine his brushes and paints, nor how perfectly stretched his canvas,—how can he paint if he have nothing in him *to* paint?"

It is the same with this fine art of meditating. It requires technique. He who would gain the riches of the spirit, the beauty and strength, which do come of meditation must first be willing to learn the technique of it, willing by daily practice to increase his skill in the art and in the end to perfect it. Then, for the rest, he must make sure that he has something in him worthy of deep meditation.

I

Preparation of the Spirit

In general, before meditation begins there must be a preparation of the spirit of the mediator.

1. For one thing, he must make sure that his heart is pure and full of love. Whoever tries to enter into the silence with desires of the flesh still clinging to his soul or with hatred in his heart of any living creature —except it be with the high purpose to drive these evil things out—is doomed to failure. By a certain law of the spirit his soul thus burdened with the weight of his own evil thoughts cannot rise into the presence of the Most High. *The Eternal Spirit of purity and love cannot work in an impure mind or abide in an unloving heart.* In preparation of his spirit for this act of meditation a man must first cast these evils out. And with impurity and hatred cast out will go also all intolerance, all greed, all ungenerosity, all lies, and every other of those unlovely passions in which impurity and hatred are bred.

2. For another thing, and after purity and love, the next important thing, the meditator must have some more or less clear conception of what he is sending his soul into the invisible for to find. There must be for him a few moments of decision, moments in which he shall decide what are the most urgent needs of his spirit—whether it be stability where now is inconstancy of spirit, patience where now is irritability, intentions of justice and fair play where now his disposition is to serve only his own private and personal ends. And so on. Experience shows that the variety of these specific needs of men's spirits is practically endless. "Besetting sins" the old theology called them.

There are many who are comparatively free from the faults that are generally thought of under this phrase, "besetting sins." People of good intentions they are and of fundamentally sound mind and spirit but who, as they themselves know right well, are guilty of so-called "venial sins." It is all well enough for his indulgent friends to forgive him these sins; but he himself, if he would enter on this right profitable way of meditation, must put even these peccadilloes far from him. Here again the list of these, in this case little sins, is practically endless. Experience would seem to show that the greatest of these venial sins is procrastination or, what is the same thing, mental laziness and spiritual slothfulness. We know a clergyman, for example, who means well by his parish and intends to

do his duty by his church but who prefers to sit at his desk hour after hour reading poetry, postponing until tomorrow his ministrations to his sick and disheartened and dying parishioners who are calling him. Another man we know who aspires to help humanity by his writings. He writes furiously and voluminously in the hour when some great redeeming idea strikes him. But he will not discipline himself to sit down at length and revise and revise again what he has written in the fugitive enthusiasm of that passing hour of high vision. Well meaning enough, he simply will not master the technique of this art of writing by which he aims to uplift the human race. He has yet to learn that one idea with the passion for it is not enough; that what he writes in the heat of the moment must be examined later and patiently revised in the light of cold logic and with a slower, calmer moving pen.

These two cases taken from many will perhaps serve to show the reader what we mean by venial sins and how important it is for a man to put these behind him if he would go, a free man, into the eternal. We discover here another law of the spirit. *The Eternal Spirit cannot work in a mind not ready for instant action in ways of the spirit nor in a mind still attached to such things as earthly comforts and worldly ease.* Buddha summed it all up when speaking of union with Brahma as the final object of all meditation. He said, "To pervade the world with kindliness, pity, sympathy and tranquil feeling—that is the way to union with Brahma." No man possessed of the spirit of selfishness, evil thoughts, slothfulness of soul, can ever pervade even his own, much less the soul of the whole world with the Spirit of the eternal. The psalmist no doubt spoke out of his own experience of meditation when he cried, "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me."

II

First Questions

The candidate having now duly and truly prepared his spirit is ready for admission to the "silent fellowship" and to begin his novitiate.

"But where shall I meditate?" some matter-of-fact reader is sure to ask. "And what sacerdotal virtue is there in the quarter-hour period; why not a shorter or a longer season of meditation, the length of it being left to the temperament of the meditator or to his needs at the time? And why must it be regularly, every day and at a fixed time of day? And shall I make up some fixed form of meditation and use that daily, or shall I meditate freely, as it were saying to my soul, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'?"

The answer to these questions, as it happens, is to be found in the matter-of-fact of experience itself. Where to meditate? The answer is, anywhere if so be it is a place of quiet. For it is only after long experience that a man can pause and quietly meditate in the midst of the noise of the marketplace or the hurrying of the street, though this power of concentration will come with practice. Is there some hidden virtue in the quarter-hour time limit? The answer is, none whatever. The thing is, to begin at the time you have set yourself for meditation and to end when you are through! Which is to say, when your need of meditation is sufficiently satisfied. It happens in our own case that that need is fulfilled in just about fifteen minutes. Today it may be two or three minutes more, tomorrow two or three fewer. With most people the quarter-hour is time enough for all profitable meditation. The advantage in fixing upon a fifteen-minute period is merely that there will be ample time for a quiet, unhurried season of communion with the Eternal. Why regularly? The answer is, for the same reason that the athlete takes his exercise regularly. Any amateur physical culturist who has simply a general intention to exercise *sometime* almost never does *anytime!* So he who has merely a well-meant but vague purpose of meditating as the need may arise, never does. The lesson of experience is perfectly clear on this point. Only he who has a fixed place and a definite time for meditation ever learns the art to perfection and profits by this daily exercising of his soul.

The question which time of day is the more opportune for meditation, whether morning or evening, is not easy to answer,—so much depends upon the person himself and so much also upon the end he has in mind to compass. Generally speaking, the evening hour is the best, the last moments before one drops off into sleep. The reason for this is that during sleep one's deeper soul, what the psychologist calls the subconscious, takes charge of the thoughts and aspirations of one's quarter-hour of meditation, deepens them, trues them up by the Eternal, and works them into the very substance of one's being. Yes, the evening is the best time. But a good start for the new day is also much to be desired. Any experienced meditator will tell you what a remarkable difference in tone there is between a morning and an evening meditation, the one quieting, the other stirring to the soul. But we have no space to go into this phase of the question. We ourselves, when asked whether one should meditate in the morning or in the evening, are apt to reply, "Why not both?"

Shall we use a fixed form of meditation after the manner of the formalists in religion, or shall one's meditations be wholly spontaneous, "as the Spirit moves," after the fashion of the "plain people" in religion? Again we reply, "Why not both?" We know a man who does. In the beginning of his quarter-hour of meditation this man follows a regular form. He puts his body in an attitude of physical well-being, open to whatever health-giving currents of life may be going his way. He then makes his spirit inwardly alert to catch the currents of joy and peace and good-will

and love he feels flowing all about him. He then thinks of his own soul as an instrument through which these same currents of joy, peace, love, good-will, are flowing to others; first, to the members of his own household, then to the people of the village where he lives, then to the members of the church whose servant he is. Finally he inwardly turns his spirit to the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west, until the Spirit of the Eternal flowing through him, its conscious willing instrument, has touched all peoples the whole world over. At some point in his form of worship he places his own spirit in the spirit-ways of the to him two great masters of Eternal life—Jesus in whom he finds a perfect humanity, and Buddha in whom he finds a perfect serenity of soul. From this point on he turns to other forms of meditation which are too personal and intimate to be made public on the printed page. This is his regular formal, nightly meditation. And he adds to this, as the occasion may arise, a spontaneous meditation touching some problem or trouble or victory or gladness which has been his during the day just closed. In his morning meditation his practice is to lift up his spirit to the Invisible in whose presence he has spent the night watches; this, with a silent pledge that, so far as in him lies, he will abide in that Presence throughout the coming day, speaking justice and spreading love wherever his path shall lead him.

III

First Steps

Some beginners have a natural flair for meditating and do not need to be shown the way. This is particularly true of those who have been brought up in a Quaker atmosphere. With such the Eternal is their natural habitat and entering into its silence as simple as breathing. But experience shows that most beginners have to learn the way to the Eternal and how to breathe of the spirit-atmosphere which is there. To be specific, there are three steps in this way of meditation, three degrees to be taken.

1. Just as one who aspires to become a great painter begins by standing in the presence of the canvases of the great masters, absorbing what he can of their secrets, so the man who would learn the art of meditation should first sit at the feet of the great masters of that art and learn of them the right way. Any man, who will spend a quarter-hour each day reading the works of meditation which have endured and come down to us through the ages, will in time learn their secret who first thought these thoughts and saw these visions in the silent places of their own souls. For this purpose we especially commend the psalms, the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the Buddhist and other non-Christian scriptures. The list of course might be extended indefinitely. We mention only those which have spoken the most clearly to our own spirit.

2. If one will persist day after day in this fifteen-minute period of reading and inwardly considering the works of the great masters of meditation, he will in time feel a growing desire to try his own spirit in these realms. And now his best course is to start his own journal of daily meditation. His pen will serve him as a sort of crutch to lean on until such time as he is able to walk unaided. Let him sit down each day and for a quarter hour, more or less, write out the deepest thoughts which are in him. If it be in the evening let him review the day, judging it in the light of the Eternal, confessing wherein he has not walked in that light and rejoicing wherein he has. If it be in the morning let him highly resolve that in the day which is upon him he will walk in that light of the Eternal and allow no temporal passion to cause him to stumble therein or depart therefrom. At any time, morning, noon, or night, let him commune with himself in his journal—meditating the problem which is troubling him, pouring oil of gladness over the sad places in his life, casting out all sins whether besetting or venial, revolving justice and love in his heart and rejoicing in the Eternal presence whose Spirit *is* Justice and Love. Such an one will be amazed to learn how this daily quarter-hour of communion with his own beloved journal will lighten his path for him and how much of strength, beauty, love will come into his daily life.

3. The next step of course is to go alone and unaided into the Eternal. Without any handbook by some master, without pen or pencil to lean on, one is now able to enter directly into the silence, meditating the deep thoughts which come to him and feeling the real presence of the Eternal there. The strength, confidence and joy which come of this direct communion with the Eternal cannot easily be written or spoken about. Only he would understand who is initiate and has been there.

IV

Meditation Not Metaphysics

Whenever we write or speak even in this detailed and, we hope, practical vein of the art of meditation, there are always hearers and readers who are still unsatisfied and ask for further light on the subject. They say that it is not enough to tell a man to prepare his spirit by clearing it of all its obstructionist passions and emotions; not enough even to show him the steps he must take on this now unobstructed way toward the Eternal. All these preliminaries are undoubtedly essential. But it is also important, next in importance, that he should have right *ideas* to guide his spirit on its way. This Eternal, what and where is it? How can a man ever find his direction or know when his spirit has reached its destination unless he knows in advance what and where the Eternal *is?* In short, a man, they say, must be a philosopher, a theologian, a metaphysician before he can be sure of going the right way in his meditation. This is a very natural and in one way an unanswerable argument. But to this argument actual experience replies in the words of Amiel, "That

may be logical but it isn't true!" The truth is that, all other things being equal, the least capable of meditators is precisely that man who has a fixed idea of the Eternal. Witness the arrogant Job in the earlier part of that epoch of a soul's progress and compare him with the chastened and deepened Job at the end of his search for a living Presence. Buddha, that past master of the art of meditation, steadfastly refused to define Brahma. Jesus, though he used the old phrases, shot them through and through with living human meanings, that astonished the scribes and pharisees! So that they missed the old-time meanings and had no idea what this young man meant by these familiar-sounding words.

We do not mean to speak disparagingly here of the function of clean, careful thinking in human progress. In many critical ways right thinking is a great aid, and wrong thinking a hindrance to the human race in its aspiration toward a higher species of life on this earth. Nay, more; we would say that if a man is so constituted, as many are, that he must apply to his thoughts about the Invisible the same canons of criticism he uses in his experiments with the visible, must weigh the Imponderable in the same scales he used for the ponderable things of this earth, let him do so. By all means let him do so—judging of the nature of the Invisible and of the Imponderable, so far as he can, by the seeing of his physical eye and, as far as he can reach with his physical hands; and going as far towards the Indefinable as his logical mind can take him. In all this let him be scrupulously honest, never once shutting his eyes nor withdrawing his hands nor turning his mind aside from any evidence which conflicts with his preconceived idea of the Eternal. This, if for no other reason, because no man can ever find the Eternal by way of meditation who starts out with a lie in his mind. All this we believe, and without any mental reservation. But after all this is said, the truth remains that the act of meditation itself is not an intellectual function; it is a *feeling* after the Eternal if happily one may find that living Presence which is only faintly outlined in all one's searching within the world of visible, palpable, thinkable things.

The function of meditation begins where the function of clear practical thinking, having gone its very farthest, breaks down. It begins where Plato left off with his "Ideas"; where Spinoza fell down in his effort to see the world *sub specie æternitatis;* where Kant's "pure reason," ready to give up the ghost, was happily revived and quickened by "postulates." Meditation—may we say it without ourselves being accused of making a theology, a philosophy, a metaphysic out of it?—meditation in its most normal and profitable functioning begins where the known and the unknown meet, where the temporal and the Eternal come together, where the conscious loses itself in the Unconscious, the human in what we may for want of a better term call the Divine. In meditation, if so be he follow the right way, a man can see through the visible to the Invisible; his spirit taking its way through the ponderable world can enter into the region of the Imponderable.

And now one final word of caution. What we have written is of no avail, worse than useless, if we have not made it very clear to the reader that meditation, if rightfully followed, is in no sense a way of escape from what is called the real world. The meditator does not abandon the visible, ponderable world to abide forever in the realm of the Invisible and Imponderable. There is a profound sense in which he takes the visible and the ponderable with him. He sets out on his journey of meditation with the high purpose of discovering the hidden meaning of his ponderable, visible world and with the firm intention of returning, once he has discovered that meaning, prepared to live this temporal life like a son of the Eternal.

FRANK CARLETON DOAN.

[Conclusion]

Dots and Dashes

Sport is international. An American girl of German descent swims from France to England and is congratulated by all four nations represented.

Insects live after being decapitated. That would seem to imply that they have no brain or that they are all brain. Probably it doesn't matter very much either way.

Anatole France is supposed to have said that we should give up the search for truth and devote ourselves to the search for beauty. The poet Keats states—and we agree—that in effect the words are synonymous. The search for one almost inevitably evolves into a search for the other—for both.

To offset the havoc worked by the radio we have the assurance of those interested that the orchestral programs in "movie" theatres are "educating the people to an appreciation of the best in music." There may be merit in this assertion. In certain New York photoplay houses the music is very good, indeed. We are happy to be able to say this, for the crimes of the "movies" are many.

The eugenists have a good word for the automobile. They say its use results in the meeting and marriage of types that would otherwise never come into contact. The city boy meets the country girl, etc., etc. Our opinion is that the experts overestimate the value of their point. There has always been mix-up enough.

Margaret Sanger declares that the state should reward those who, recognizing their unfitness for parenthood, consciously avoid having children. There is small likelihood of the state doing any such thing, but it would help, just the same, to cure the world of the "pleurisy of people."

Nowadays we try all our criminals in the newspapers. Long before the machinery of the law has gotten into motion the jury of reporters and the judges in editorial offices have rendered the people's verdict. Every district attorney, it would seem, has his publicity representative. Even the defendants' lawyers give out statements of their cases in advance. The old-time magistrates and barristers may have been less well informed, more cruel even, but there was a sort of dignity about their procedure which, for good or ill, has disappeared in our day. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

Negro humor is probably the best brand of humor produced in America. Lands where there are no Negroes in the daily life really miss some smiles. Let me give two examples that I recently got from my friend, William Pickens, clever orator of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. (Clarence Darrow says that the money might be better spent in providing a society for the advancement of white people.) It seems that Negroes are very keen on the procuring of titles. They fairly eat them up. Negro preachers delight in being able to be called Doctors of Divinity (D.D.). There sprung up "colleges" years ago that could turn out titles on short order—for, of course, a consideration. Mr. Pickens tells of a congregation that resolved to present their minister a "D.D." at Christmas. It was to cost 20 dollars. After a canvass of the congregation it was found that only 10 dollars could be raised. So, it was decided to buy one "D" and put off until another year the getting of the second "D." The other story is of a preacher who, coming to his church, claimed that he was a "D.D." It seems that there was some doubt on the part of the brethren. One of them rose up during a service and quizzed the "elder." Questioner, "You says you is a 'D.D.'—now, is you?" Back came the solemn declaration, "I IS." Negro humor goes also into other channels where it is delicate, intelligent, sparkling and literary—like Dunbar's, Cullen's and Pickens's. The Negro in America lives a more exciting life than the whites, since he travels in his own life and goes from the basement to the garret of the white man's life. And all the time he is "throwing off sparks of laughter."

II

The morning papers tell of Miss Ederle's swim across the Channel—the first woman to do it and in the lowest time. Everybody rejoices in the feat. This should be the event to mark the close of the War—for she is of German ancestry. I take the liberty to propose that future international disputes in the European section of the earth be settled by a Channel swimming match, and that before Japan and America fly to arms, they work off their insanity by an airplane match. Miss Ederle's feat reveals not only one peace plan worth studying, but also how America is indebted to the "dreadful foreigners." Easily half the deeds of valor and wholesome achievements in this land are not by native sons. And "she was a German!" I attended a funeral this week of Mary Zobrest. She was the mother of eleven children—8 sons and 3 daughters. All are good citizens and all but one gathered around the grave. A romance could be woven around her history. She nearly fifty years ago was a girl in Bremen, when she was drawn by the lures of America, the "land of promise." About the same time a young Swiss of Interlaken was drawn to America. Peter Zobrest and Mary met and together they established a home "in the West." "Six of the boys were in the Service." And "she was a German!" A strange narrowness has come down upon American legislators, who are now seeking to limit materially the "foreigners who come." In this, America is unquestionably denying herself future inventors, statesmen, poets—some who in the time of crises would prove to be saviours. I got a new light recently on some aliens in America—the Japanese. They are "alien" indeed. I have a cabin or two on the seaside. To these I invited the pastor of a Japanese Christian church. With a dozen members of his flock he spent a week or so. It is superfluous to say that they were well-behaved and left the camp in fine shape. What impressed me was the expression of gratitude for what was nothing at all on my part. I was glad to have the camp put to use. They expressed the joy they had in being able to get out into the world of nature. I had at least a half-dozen letters of thanks. One referred to the shore line reminding him of his own Nippon Sea—to "the purple clouds, the evergreen forest, the poetical lanterns of the fishermen's boats, the musical sounds of the waves, to the universe being an expression of Love." And three boys wrote me letters,—Daisho, Daiki and Fumi.

> They said they had a very fine time, especially rowing the boat and fishing. . . . That was the first time I ever played in the water . . . the most interesting that I had was the sleep in the tent. I took my clams . . . my father said that my muscles are harder. . . . I caught 42 fishes. Rowing the boat made my muscles firm and strong . . . and so I thank you. . . .

These letters of thanks quite took my breath away, for it is certainly not a la Americana. Expression of appreciation is decidedly "Japanese" in this land. This contains no sermon, but merely to convey the information that the Japanese of America train themselves to do their part in creating good will and friendship. I have long had the opinion that if Japanese were admitted to American citizenship, they would contribute as much as any other nationality in thrift, morality and loyalty. In fact, I should have the fear that they would be a little over a hundred percent in their patriotism. The group that came to my camp

brought along the Stars and Stripes and held "family prayers" every morning.

That they are also severe critics of American life is also true. They feel the deadening weight of Nordic arrogance. A Japanese student of my acquaintance became nearly insane in the presence of the oppressive atmosphere which he was compelled daily to breathe, that he was inferior. In line with this I will quote from a letter of an intelligent and fair-minded Japanese, who wrote me last week:

> The old-time Americans should awaken to the grave danger America is now facing, not that of foreign animosity nor entanglements, but that of regrettable conditions within American boundaries. Americans seem to be so proud of machine civilization. . . . Please, don't be angry. The longer I live in America, the less I feel respect, love or admiration toward America. . . . And on this point, many aliens, not Japanese, agree. . . . In some other countries, the reverse is true. . . . As, for instance, Japanese who without admiration for England may go to England, return with full admiration and love for Englishmen. . . . Americans are now morally isolated in international relations as well as in the minds of resident aliens. . . . The son of Abraham Lincoln died without a vestige of the old America. . . . And what are the Christian ministers doing? Most of them preach in order to live, or to maintain big temples or to make money or to enjoy life, not because they wish to share with other people the gospel they profess to believe. . . . It may be these things are but a part of the wise prescription of the almighty God. . . . But woe to America and Americans who have to play in this way the devil's part, in this human drama! America, who is now in the position to play the part of God.

III

The big Republic, having moved into a position of power, certainly has some heavy seas ahead of her. All of which is probably to the good. Human life here has attained the highest point of comfort ever yet reached. The citizen who doesn't own an automobile is compelled to be apologetic. Even if he attends a funeral, the marshall is sure to ask him, if he will have his "car brought round." At the last funeral, for instance, I attended, the clergyman was nearly compelled to ride with the driver of the hearse, because he had to say, "I have no car of my own." Creature comforts are abundant in America as never before. If one looks around for moral insurance for the nation, the navy and the army partially hide the view. As to the church? That there is a deep spiritual life in the churches, those most friendly to the churches would seriously doubt. The church people are either very much exercised over trifles—and in these spend much energy—or are vigorously promoting organization and devising machinery to run the organization. I recently spent several days in a camp where a Church conference was in session. The members took their meals together. Young people were in attendance. I was impressed with the superficiality of the proceedings. I am not yet able to adjust my mentality to the yelling that shows itself in religious meetings, similar to the yelling to be found at athletic meets between students. One could not find in the churches many signs of repentance for over-zeal in war, under-zeal for peace, but instead, a busy activity in things superficial, both in doctrine and practice. Religious life in America is not deep. The leaders decline to introduce the people to the work of solving present, important problems, or are unacquainted with these problems.

And yet thousands and thousands of Americans are "planning to do good throughout the world." They are hoping, for example, to see a world free from drink. There is real sincerity in this endeavor. While I write a "good-will mission" is in Mexico, under the leadership of Rev. Alva W. Taylor. It is made up of a score of leading citizens. They have gone with an earnest desire to get at the facts, to report back to their countrymen. A similar delegation was there during the winter. There are the great foundations—127 in all—that cover the entire earth with their beneficence. The Rockefeller is a sample. Stuart Chase thinks these foundations are "probably the most effective kind of charity yet devised." I was surprised to learn that the American Y. M. C. A. had pushed its work clear up into the little lands of Estonia and Latvia. A young American wrote me this week of leading in a Torch-ceremony:

> At the camp fires in the Latvian and Estonian camps I put on the Torch ceremony. It is simple but effective. Each nationality contributes a stick to the fire, with the initial of that nation carved on the stick. When I got too particular for the demand for the bigger spirit, I could feel a chill pass through the crowd. . . . One must realize that these people have been passing through realities, such as revolution, domination, intrigues, slights, etc.

And this is another side of America, as a peacemaker.

SYDNEY STRONG.

From Shore to Shore

The troubled waters 'neath our feet,
Tempestuous skies above—
Yet over all and round about
A Universe of Love.

The keel leaps swift to smite the wave,
The billows rage and foam;
Their mimic warfare only serves
To bear us surely home.

Frail atoms we on this wild waste—
The bird that skims the wave
Disdainfully looks down upon
The ocean's yawning grave.

It did so when its kind began;
But man on trembling knee,
Awe-stricken, helpless, stood before
The mystery of the sea.

But we have come to know our friends
Though stern of form and mien;
And leaning on their serving hands,
To trust the Good unseen.

And slow evolving through the aeons
The plans for us unfold;
Infinite deeps of being spread
Where narrow seas have rolled.

JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

For UNITY.

MUSSOLINI

Thou poor deluded remnant of the Past!
Made up of shreds and patches,—cast-off clothes,—
Old faded tinsels and pretentious shows
Which mighty Caesar in his glory cast
Before the people. Red wrongs cannot last;
Brute power will vanish like the filmy snows
Which come in summer time. Freedom knows
What Life should be—how high and wide and vast.

Pretense is dead, and never from its grave
Shall even thou conjure with all thy power
Its outworn strength and might which could not save
The crown of Caesar in his fated hour.
Thy doom is sealed,—thou tyrant and thou slave;—
Above thee, wild winds moan and storm-clouds lower.

W. N. ROUNDY.

For UNITY.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XXI

*NIRBAL KE BALA RAM**

Though I had acquired a nodding acquaintance with Hinduism and other religions of the world, I should have known that it would not be enough to save me in my trials. Of the thing that sustains him through trials man has no inkling, much less knowledge, at the time. If an unbeliever, he will attribute his safety to chance. If a believer, he will say God saved him. He will conclude, as well he may, that his religious study or spiritual discipline was at the back of the state of grace within him. But in the hour of his deliverance he does not know whether his spiritual discipline or what else saves him. Who that has prided himself on his spiritual strength has not seen it humbled to the dust? A knowledge of religion (as distinguished from experience) seems but chaff in such moments of trials.

It was in England that I first discovered the futility of mere religious knowledge. How I was saved on previous occasions is more than I can say, for I was very young then; but now I was twenty and had gained some experience as husband and father.

During the last year, as far as I can remember, of my stay in England, that is in 1890, there was a Vegetarian Conference at Portsmouth to which an Indian friend and I were invited. Portsmouth is a seaport with a large naval population. It has many houses with women of ill fame, women not actually prostitutes, but at the same time not very scrupulous about their morals. We were put up in one of these houses. Not that the Reception Committee purposely fixed up such a house for us. It is difficult in a town like Portsmouth to find out which are good lodgings and which are bad for occasional travellers like ourselves.

We returned from the Conference in the evening. After dinner we sat down to play a rubber of bridge, in which our landlady joined, as is customary in England even in respectable households. Every player indulges in innocent jokes as a matter of course, but here my companion and our hostess began to make indecent ones as well. I did not know that my friend was an adept in the art. It captured me and I also joined. Just when I was about to get beyond the limit, leaving the cards and the game to themselves, God in the good companion uttered the blessed warning: "Whence this devil in you, my boy! Be off, quick!"

I was ashamed. I took the warning. I expressed within myself gratefulness to the friend. I remembered the vow I had taken before my mother and fled from the scene. To my room I went quaking, trembling, and with beating heart, like a quarry escaped from its pursuer.

I recall this as the first occasion on which a woman, other than my wife, moved me to lust. I passed that night sleeplessly, all kinds of thoughts assailing me. Should I leave this house? Should I run away from the place? Where was I? What would happen to me if I had not my wits about me? I decided to act thenceforth with great caution; not only to leave the house, but somehow leave Portsmouth. The Conference was not to go on for more than two days and I remember I left Portsmouth the next evening, my companion staying there some time longer.

I did not then know the essence of religion, or of God, and how He works in us. Only vaguely I understood that God had saved me on that occasion. On all occasions of trial He had saved me. I know that the phrase "God saved me" has a deeper meaning for me today, and still I feel that I have not yet grasped its entire meaning. Only richer experience can help me to a fuller meaning. But in all my trials—of a spiritual nature, as a lawyer, in conducting institutions, and in politics—I can say that God saved me. When every hope is gone, "when helpers fail and comforts flee," I experience that help arrives somehow, from I know not where. Supplication, worship, prayer are no superstition; they are acts more real than acts of eating, drinking, sitting or walking. It is no exaggeration to say that they alone are real, all else is unreal.

Such worship or prayer is no flight or eloquence; it is no lip-homage. It springs from the heart. If, therefore, we achieve that purity of the heart when it is "emptied of all but love," if we keep all the chords in proper trim, they "trembling pass in music out of sight." Prayer needs no speech. It is in itself independent of any sensuous effort. I have not the slightest doubt that prayer is an unfailing means of cleansing the heart of passion. But it must be confined with the utmost humility.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

Western Science and Christian Missionaries

I

A student who is carrying on post-graduate studies in America writes:

> I am one of those who are extremely interested in utilization of Indian resources as one of the means for remedying the poverty of India. This is my sixth year in this country. My special field is wood-chemistry. I would have entered executive service or taken up medical studies if I were not so profoundly convinced of the importance of the Industrial development of India. . . . Would you approve of my going into industrial enterprise, say pulp and paper manufacture? What is your attitude in general on the question of adopting a sane, humanitarian industrial policy for India? Do you stand for the progress of science? I mean such progress which brings blessings to mankind, e. g., the work of Pasteur of France and that of Dr. Benting of Toronto?

I answer this question publicly as so many inquiries are received by me from students all over, and as so much misconception exists regarding my views on science. I should have no objection whatsoever to industrial enterprise such as the student has in view. Only I would not call it necessarily humanitarian. A

*The refrain of one of Surdas' famous hymns. Its meaning is, "He is the help of the helpless, the strength of the weak."

humanitarian industrial policy for India means to me a glorified revival of handspinning, for through it alone can pauperism, which is blighting the lives of millions of human beings in their own cottages in this land, be immediately removed. Everything else may thereafter be added, so as to increase the productive capacity of this country. I would therefore have all young men with a scientific training utilize their skill in making the spinning wheel, if it is possible, a more efficient instrument of production in India's cottages. I am not opposed to the progress of science as such. On the contrary the scientific spirit of the West commands my admiration and if that admiration is qualified, it is because the scientist of the West takes no note of God's lower creation. I abhor vivisection with my whole soul. I detest the unpardonable slaughter of innocent life in the name of science and humanity so-called, and all the scientific discoveries stained with innocent blood I count as of no consequence. If the circulation of blood theory could not have been discovered without vivisection, the human kind could well have done without it. And I see the day clearly dawning when the honest scientist of the West, will put limitations upon the present methods of pursuing knowledge. Future measurements will take note not merely of the human family but of all that lives and even as we are slowly but surely discovering that it is an error to suppose that Hindus can thrive upon the degradation of a fifth of themselves or that peoples of the West can rise or live upon the exploitation and degradation of the Eastern and African nations, so shall we realize in the fullness of time, that our dominion over the lower order of creation is not for their slaughter, but for their benefit equally with ours. For I am as certain that they are endowed with souls as that I am.

II

The same student asks: "I would like to know your very frank evaluation of the work of Christian missionaries in India. Do you believe that Christianity has some contribution to make to the life of our country? Can we do without Christianity?"

In my opinion Christian missionaries have done good to us indirectly. Their direct contribution is probaby more harmful than otherwise. I am against the modern method of proselytizing. Years' experience of proselytizing both in South Africa and India has convinced me that it has not raised the general moral tone of the converts who have imbibed the superficialities of European civilization, and have missed the teaching of Jesus. I must be understood to refer to the general tendency and not to brilliant exceptions. The indirect contribution, on the other hand, of Christian missionary effort is great. It has stimulated Hindu and Mussulman religious research. It has forced us to put our own houses in order. The great educational and curative institutions of Christian missions I also count, amongst indirect results, because they have been established, not for their own sakes, but as an aid to proselytizing.

The world, and therefore we, can no more do without the teaching of Jesus than we can without that of Mahomed or the Upanishads. I hold all these to be complementary to one another, in no case, exclusive. Their true meaning, their interdependence and interrelation, have still to be revealed to us. We are but indifferent representatives of our respective faiths, which we belie more often than not.

Young India. *M. K. Gandhi.*

Senator Borah on "Money in Politics"

[The following is a passage from a recent speech of Senator Borah at Ferefield, Idaho. It points out with thrilling impressiveness the peril now threatening this nation from increasing corruption in politics, and more particularly answers the silly statements of Senator Reed (Pa.) and others that the direct primaries are the source of the evil. UNITY is proud to have the opportunity of printing this important utterance, which has not appeared elsewhere in full.—Editors.]

It is claimed that these startling revelations as to the expenditures of money in elections is nothing more than an impeachment of the primary. I wish that was all there was to it. We would all be happy if we could get rid of money in politics by repealing the primary laws. But what it reveals is that money has come to be the moving power in American politics. Pennsylvania and Illinois are but outcroppings of a malady, nation-wide and long-existant. Some years ago politicians got into the habit of seeking contributions from men of great wealth. I have no doubt the men of wealth, to a large extent at least, would have been glad to be let alone. But the office seekers would not let them alone. It was inevitable, if large sums were to be given, that large sums would have to be returned in some way. Hence, money and politics joined forces and money has its say in shaping legislation and in administering the laws of the country. If Sam Insull gave money in the campaign in Illinois, as it is claimed, in expectation of being favored, he did exactly the same thing which many a tariff beneficiary does in every political campaign. Anyone who has been in Washington during the making of a tariff bill will not doubt this proposition. Let us not be deluded by the falacious proposition that the late expenditures are due to the primary or confined to one or two states. It is a fearful national evil and will in the end, if not controlled, destroy the government of the people and substitute therefor a government of the few—the few who have sufficient money with which to buy government.

We all remember how in 1920 there was a cold-blooded, deliberate scheme to buy the nomination for the Presidency. This was partly revealed before the Convention took place, sufficiently so perhaps to prevent the realization of the scheme. But the lawsuit which grew out of the pre-convention campaign brought out the real facts. It showed beyond question that they proposed to buy and pay in cash for that high office just the same as they would buy gold mines and for the same reason—for what they could make out of it. That was a convention that they were controlling,

not a primary. Being without issues, they substituted dollars and cents—that is too often the case.

The Republican organization of the South is held together and sustained by the worst kind of corruption. I was in the South a few days ago and learned first-hand of an incident which illustrates what I mean. A young man was Postmaster. He desired reappointment. He had made a good official. The patrons were thoroughly satisfied with him. The political boss, the national committeeman, stated to him, however, that his reappointment would cost him $1,000. He could not pay it. Another gentleman was recommended. That is general practice in the South. Whenever there is a real contest in the national convention for the nomination of the Presidency, the delegates from the South are sought to be controlled and managed by shameless use of patronage and money. We have political brokers in patronage who are experts in the game. When a presidential campaign is on these political brokers carry their wares to the market. That is corruption at the very source of power. It is poisoning the stream at the very well-springs of national influence. The Republican party owes it to itself to clean out that Augean stable. It is a difficult task but the Republican party is big enough and strong enough to do the work.

It is all right to expose the use of money in the primary. One virtue which the primary has is that it does enable us to expose the use of money more successfully than in conventions. But that is only one phase of the evil. We should also deal with this shameless traffic in public positions which goes on under the very eyes of those in power. United States District Attorneyships, Marshallships, Postmasterships, should be taken off the market. Let us hope that this exposure will arouse the whole country to the necessity of dealing with a problem which has assumed the proportion of a great national evil. Let us hope that we will throttle the practice which not only has its say in elections but also its influence and effect throughout the field of legislation and the whole fabric of government.

We can do something, of course, in the way of legislation. But, after all, this peculiar kind of evil will yield to nothing less than the aroused conscience of an entire nation. Years ago men, political cashiers, stood in the gangway of the House of Commons and paid off the members as they filed out for the votes which they had cast. The whole body politic seemed rotten from center to circumference. The English people legislated upon the subject. But not until the whole English people became aroused and the public conscience stirred to a depth were they able to control the evil. They have done so to a marked extent, There are some things which we should strive to secure, and that is, absolute publicity as the campaign proceeds and the arousing of the people to the necessity of dealing with those who run for office on the strength of money rather than upon issues. I do not know of a greater task or a more eminent task before us as a people. If Senator Reed and his committee in the fine work they have done succeed in arousing the people to the real problem before us, they will have performed a service of incalculable worth.

The Study Table

The Forsytes Again!

Are the Forsyte tales never to have an end? We hope not, for this family has won a place in our affections which is enduring. Every addition which John Galsworthy makes to his story stirs our interest afresh, and leaves us as hungry as ever for the next. This latest volume* carries the author two-thirds of the way toward the completion of a second "Forsyte Saga" which promises to be as notable as the first.

"The Silver Spoon" develops the story of the married life of Fleur and Michael Mont, with Soames Forsyte the continuing background or connecting thread, as he was in "The White Monkey" and the earlier books. More than ever in this story there is a lack of significant episode or plot. The material of the story, as a story in and for itself, is so meager that we wonder what a reader, who came to this book without having read any of the other Forsyte tales, would think of it! What we have here, as increasingly in the "Saga," are character, atmosphere, and the current of the times. From these standpoints, "The Silver Spoon" has an interest as intense as any of the stories which has preceded it. As one more link in the unfolding chain of Forsyte history, the book has immense significance. Fleur now takes the place of Irene as the "concretion of disturbing beauty impinging upon a possessive world"—with the difference that Fleur, as the daughter of Soames, has within her much of the "possessive world" herself. This leads to sad, even tragic confusion in her life, which confusion is a perfect reflection of the confusion which has befallen the post-war world in which she lives. The Victorian Age, at which we laugh so complacently, has gone; but has anything as clear and sound and wholesome succeeded? This is the question implicit in this book, written by a man who is at bottom a social satirist, gentle but none the less rigorous.

The Forsyte books, now five in number, are distinctive. No one of them, by itself alone, would be named as a work of first-class importance. Taken together, as a single work, they constitute the greatest achievement of modern times in the field of English fiction.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Silver Spoon," by John Galsworthy. Published by Scribners.

The Japanese Theatre

An altogether exceptional book is Kabuki: "The Popular Stage of Japan,"* by Zoë Kincaid (Mrs. Penlington). No book about Japan for years has attracted as much attention and elicited so much praise. The author has long lived in Japan and has been a real student of things Japanese. Among the things to which she has given unremitting attention is the Japanese theatre in its triple expression—the Nō dramas, the puppet show and Kabuki. The latter is the popular stage of Japan and to it the present handsome volume is devoted. Zoë Kincaid for twelve years "sat among the critics of the Tokyo stage at the regular performances; she has known the chief actors and managers

*Kabuki: the Popular Stage of Japan. Zoë Kincaid. London: 1925. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Large 16°, pp. 385.

personally; she has had the hearty and cooperating friendship of the chief Japanese admirers and students of the theatre. In preparing this book she has not only taken advantages of these relations and opportunities; she has put much of conscientious labor and personality into it.

In a preliminary section, the whole field of Kabuki—itself, its audience, conventions, craftsmanship, schools, ceremonials—is treated in broad outline. There follow sections devoted to Origin, Yakusha, (actors), Shibai (theatre), Sakusha (playwrights), Kabuki (plays), Meiji Kabuki (Kabuki of the Meiji Period), and Kabuki today. Each of these is treated with adequate fullness. Little of consequence has been written in regard to the Japanese theatre in any European language. There are a few articles of merit, but they either treat of a narrow topic, or so superficially discuss a broad one as to convey little information. There are books, which from their title promised to be a real contribution, that are mere padding. There are translations of some Kabuki, either entire or in part, but the list of such translated plays is short, and the same play appears again and again in renderings of varying quality and interest.

Our author says:

"There are three separate and distinct theaters in Japan: the Nō, or classic drama, with its masked figures, perfected five hundred years ago; Ningyo-shibai, or the Doll theater, where marionettes interpret complicated ballad-dramas; and Kabuki, the popular theater, in which male players reign supreme."

The three have acted and reacted upon each other but are quite distinct. Nō was "the exclusive amusement of the higher classes."

Ningyo-shibai, or the Doll theater, and Kabuki rose at the same time, both popular theater arts. Kabuki was destined to be profoundly influenced by the marionettes, and the music of the Doll theater owed its inspiration directly to the Nō.

Kabuki proper began with Okuni, a ritual dancer from the great Shinto shrine of Izumo. In 1596, after long wanderings in which she danced to collect monies for the shrine, she changed her performance, and on a platform erected in the drybed of the Kamo River, Kyoto, presented what may be considered the orginal Kabuki. Love and marriage had a part in this affair. A young Samurai, handsome and brave, met the dancing girl and was taken with her. He saw possibilities in her dancing, if changed from its religious ritual purpose to a more definite amusement appeal. Under his direction and with his assistance a real theatre was launched. It is curious that a theatre, the chief characteristic of which has long been that it was absolutely in the hands of male actors should have begun with a female star. There are many curious things in the history of this popular stage through 330 years. Not the least interesting part of the story is the way in which it has come to be confined to male actors, with the development of a special class of actors, *Onnagata,* men who play female parts exclusively. The thing has become standardized. There have been, and are, great numbers of men, who have been trained for this specialty and have made of it a fine art. Such Onnagata win fame, earn high salaries and become popular idols.

We canot go into a detailed examination of the interesting matters treated by our author. We can touch upon only a few items. She constantly emphasizes the close relation between the doll-theatre and Kabuki. The most popular Kabuki plays were not originally written for human actors, but for the marionettes. The greatest Japanese playwright, Chikamtsu, wrote definitely for puppet-plays. Not only is this true. There are many peculiarities in the action in Kabuki that show study and intentional imitation of the dolls, rather than independent movement.

Transmission of an art, a craft, a profession, from generation to generation, within families is one of the interesting things in Oriental life. It is pre-eminently shown in the theatre, and of course in Kabuki. There are today on the Japanese stage actors who are the eighth, ninth, tenth generation in their families. The famous Danjuro—almost the only Japanese actor whose name is known to any considerable number of foreigners—was the ninth of his name. Frequently, not only the actor name but the plays themselves, or special modes of presentation, are traditional within families. Thus, there are eighteen plays, known specifically as Danjuro plays. In speaking of these lines, or families, of actors, we must remember the frequency and validity of adoption in Japan. If a man has no son, or none of promise, he adopts one who is trained to succeed him. The Danjuro line of actors has been broken but there is still possibility of its revival. In the Japanese theatre there are not only family lines of famous actors; there are such lines of musicians, managers, etc., some of which have had fame and success through many generations.

There have been three centres of Kabuki and in such a study as this the characteristics, the heroes, and the rivalries, of the three must be considered. Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka differ profoundly and their differences are reflected in Kabuki. A popular actor of Kyoto may not please Tokyo; the refinement of the old capital, may seem weakness to those who have the "Yedo-spirit." We shall not speak of the content or nature of the plays, nor of their points of appeal, nor of the social status of Kabuki. All these and hundreds of other matters are treated by our author. The book is amply illustrated, partly with photographic portraits of actors and scenes from the Kabuki stage of today; partly with reproductions of color-prints and woodblock cuts of the past. The theatre, the actors, were among the favorite subjects of the *Ukioye* artists. Zoë Kincaid has found examples of old prints illustrating every phase of Kabuki at its height of glory.

Kabuki is still vital. In these last years it has had to contend with Western ideas; it has lost, (and gained perhaps) by contact. Will it hold its own? Our author hopes so; perhaps believes so.

Kabuki, always acquisitive, standing between the idealism of the Nō and the realism of the Doll theatre is no longer self-centered but has become, like Kim, the friend of all the world, and is ever ready to learn from London, New York, Paris, or Berlin.

It has been; it still is, intensely Japanese. Can it remain so? At all events it has had a glorious career.

Kabuki . . . is the result of three hundred years of intensive cultivation. Its genius and successful achievements belong to a common sum total, and are a contribution to the world's theatre. Its actors are members of the same fraternity as those of the West and claim kinship with them.

Zoë Kincaid will do for Nō and Ningyo-Shibai what she has done for Kabuki. She will no doubt maintain the standard set in this book. Her trio will be a contribution of extraordinary value toward the appreciation of the art achievement of a gifted people.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

MR. ROBINSON HEADS BRANCH OF CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

As a result of a recent visit of Roger Baldwin to the Pacific Coast, the Northern California Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union has been organized. An office has been opened at 473 Mills Building, San Francisco, in connection with the offices of Austin Lewis, attorney.

The chairman of the new committee is Professor Guido H. Marx of Stanford University, the vice-chairman Miss Alicia Mossgrove, and the treasurer Mrs. Mary Hutchinson Fleisher, both of San Francisco. The membership of the committee includes John D. Barry, Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, Arthur Heeb, David Starr Jordan, William Kent, Robert F. Leavens, Fremont Older, Erskine Scott Wood and others. In conjunction with an enlarged committee for the Southern California office a state campaign for the defence of civil liberties will be worked out under the chairmanship of George P. West.

The committee has chosen as the director of the work in Northern California Elmo A. Robinson, until recently the minister of the Unitarian Church of Palo Alto. Among the objectives which the committee has already outlined for its work are: The repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Law, the defeat of the proposed Constitutional Amendment requiring the Bible in the public schools, the defeat of a proposed law releasing pupils during school hours for religious instruction, opposition to the proposals of the Governor's Crime Commission, opposition to the anti-evolution legislation, and the defense of the civil rights of alien minorities.

Friends of civil liberty in California are invited to make themselves known by writing to the Director at the above address. The organization has been made possible by the assistance of the New York office, but its permanence will depend upon the support which comes from the Pacific Coast area.

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHINA, INC.

At the annual meeting of members of the International Institute of China Thursday, July 15th, in Shanghai, Dr. Gilbert Reid was reelected as Director-in-chief, and Sir Robert Hotung as President of the China Advisory Council. The following were elected to the Board of Trustees: Hah Shao-fu, G. Boolaen, Chang Nieh Yun, J. L. Cowen, Dr. R. A. Parker, Dr. Gilbert Reid, Dr. R. Y. Lo, Prof. H. F. MacNair, Rev. W. B. Nance, J. B. Powell, Chung Hun-yew and Rev. G. W. Sheppard.

Dr. Reid presented his Report as issued and printed in April last (UNITY, June 21). Owing to changes which have taken place since that date he would deal first with the decision that he resume charge in Shanghai and concentrate on Institute work here rather than in Peking, as has been done the last five years. While it was difficult to decide between these two places, he yet had the impression while lying in the hospital at Tsinan, that if he had a new lease of life, he had better make Shanghai the center while still keeping connections with Peking. The trustees joined in expressing the hope that he resume charge in Shanghai. As the Institute has property in Shanghai and none as yet in Peking, and as the buildings leased to the South Eastern University are restored to the Institute this summer, it seemed advisable to make Shanghai the Institute's headquarters. However, Dr. Reid had much to say as to many pleasant features of the work in Peking.

Dr. Reid in attempting to reorganize the Institute work with Shanghai as the center of operations outlined a program of fourteen points. One was to continue the campaign for peace in China and the cessation of further civil strife. Hundreds of articles have appeared in the *International Journal* and other papers the last four years and direct appeal had been made to the leading militarists. These efforts were in line with those taken by the so-called Elder Statesmen and had met with the hearty approval of Sir Robert Hotung.

Besides this concord among the Chinese there had been projected the Sino-foreign friendship movement. All nationalities in Peking had shown interest in the plan and a committee was nearly completed of one person from each country with an equal number of Chinese. Similar work was to be undertaken in Shanghai, but success or the degree of effort put forth would depend on the cooperation of the Chinese and foreign leaders.

The Conferences of All Religions are to be developed, and in connection therewith the library of the literature of all religions is to be placed in charge of a Chinese librarian properly qualified. Various Societies have promised a collection of their publications. Dr. Reid presents his own library.

The *International Journal* will be removed from Peking to Shanghai and will continue to be the medium for international conciliation, constructive ideas on national reform and emphasizing the good rather than the bad among all nations and people, in a word, the principles of the International Institute.

Educational classes are to be started. A night school in business will be opened under the charge of a trained Chinese. Help will be given to the "mass" educational movement. In a word, the Institute hopes to be an educational center for the Chinese who live within reach of the Institute.

Books already published in Chinese and English will be revised and new books will be prepared giving the results of a varied experience of over forty years.

A budget for the next year was acted upon by the trustees at a meeting held prior to the members' meeting. Needless to say cooperation of persons of similar mind is sought.

REPORT OF INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AT BUCK HILL FALLS

The fostering of better understanding between races being recognized as one of the most important phases of the establishment of peace throughout the world, a committee was formed at Buck Hill Falls to make this Friendly community one of the outposts for this purpose. A very attractive house has been built, which is the gift of Marie C. Jenkins, and has been named "Concordia," but is perhaps better known as the International House. As host of the International House, Clarence E. Pickett, with his family, has been in charge of the activities there.

Over the week end of August 7th and 8th, a conference was held to discuss the present situation in the Philippines. The presence in this country of an Education Commission of Filipinos provided the opportunity for having first-hand information in regard to the feeling throughout the Philippine Islands on the question of the independence of the country.

The members of the Philippine Commission who attended the Conference were Judge Jose Abad Santos, Chairman of the Commission, and Dr. Mendoza-Guazon. Judge Santos is President of the Philippine Bar Association and a member of the American Bar Association. He studied in the Law School of Northwestern Univer-

Correspondence

Gandhi's Rationalization

Editor of UNITY:

Gandhi's statement of his childhood experiences, it seems to me, smacks of rationalization. He projects his nice taste of ethics of today into his boyhood experiences. That does poor justice to Mohamed the boy. My picture of the boy is different from this. The boy Gandhi was courageous and willing to flout public sentiment and the traditions of his group in order to carry out the dictates of his conscience. "Rebel and revolutionary Gandhi has been from his early days." [P. 102, my book: *Gandhi the Apostle*]. In order to exalt the ethical position of his later days and to suggest the vast potentialities of even an erring youth, the elderly savant of today castigates the boy and suggests by implication that it is possible for such an one as he was to rise to heights which are truly sublime.

This is not different from the legend created by the ardent Buddhists concerning the "depravity" of Asoka in his pre-Buddhistic days. Asoka adopted Buddhism, and lo and behold!—a sinner of the darkest type had been miraculously converted into one of the sublimest figures of history.

Of course Gandhi's rationalization is subconscious. It is not a case for ethics but for psycho-analysis. I still adhere to my position that the boy was father to the man: the young Gandhi was a rebel against tradition and a revolutionary against injustice and uncalled-for repression.

Chicago, Ill. HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

sity and took his degree at George Washington University.

Dr. Mendoza-Guazon is the first of the Philippine women to receive the doctor's degree in medicine. She graduated from the College of Medicine of the University of the Philippines and is the only woman member of the Board of Regents of the University.

Judge Santos and Dr. Mendoza-Guazon gave talks which covered practically every phase of life in the Philippines and then answered clearly and forcefully the many questions asked them by the company gathered to meet them. There was no hesitation on the part of either speaker in asserting that the Filipinos are practically a unit in their desire for immediate independence.

Invitations had been sent to a number of editors, chiefly of the religious press, to be guests of the International House over this week end and to participate in the discussion. August proved to be an unfortunate time, as so many people were away on vacations, but there were representatives present on behalf of the Congregationalist, the Methodist, and the Catholic publications, as well as one from the Arch Street Peace Committee and one from the National Council for Prevention of War. The editor of the *Intelligencer* was also present. While this was in no sense a public conference, from forty to fifty people gathered with the regular members of the conference in two of the sessions, while one session was given over entirely to the members of the press.

All those who had been invited to attend showed great interest in the plan and asked that a report of the proceedings be sent them. This report will be published in a later issue of the *Intelligencer*, and will give the main points of the discussion, but cannot adequately describe the fine spirit of the meeting nor the pleasing personalities of both Dr. Mendoza and Judge Santos. It is easy to feel after meeting these representatives that the Philippines are ready for immediate independence when Filipinos of such ability are ready to take the helm and guide the ship of state.

—Friend's Intelligencer.

THE MISSING LINK

Why do men seek
The Missing Link
In Java's sands
Or on Mongolian plains?
Why do they seek
For bones and broken teeth
Or fragments of a skull?
When here at hand
Men walk the earth
Who carry with them
Mental traits handed on
From that self, same
Missing Link.
Since that far distant time
When he roamed the earth,
Mayhap the finger of ice
Has reached out from the Poles
Seven times and ground all before it.
And then gone back again.
But still those traits prevail.
He feared the dark.
Thunder and lightning
Were mighty giants.
The flowing stream and moaning trees
To him had a personal meaning.
He feared the unbeaten path.
He crawled before the new.
So when you see a man
Who hates a new idea,
Or makes a God of blood.
Or who would put fetters
On the minds of children.
Who loves to talk
With empty sounding words.
Who centers the universe
Around his little world.
Gaze at him carefully
For there walks
The Missing Link.
In form of man
But with soul and mind
Stamped with the print
Of that brutal age.
You may perchance see such a one
Walking the Florida sands.
And seeing, Learn.

—Marcus W. Robbins.

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